

A
FABLE
OF THE
DOGS.



L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by T. BICKERTON, at the *Crown* in
Pater-Noster-Row; and E. SMITH, in *Cornhill*.

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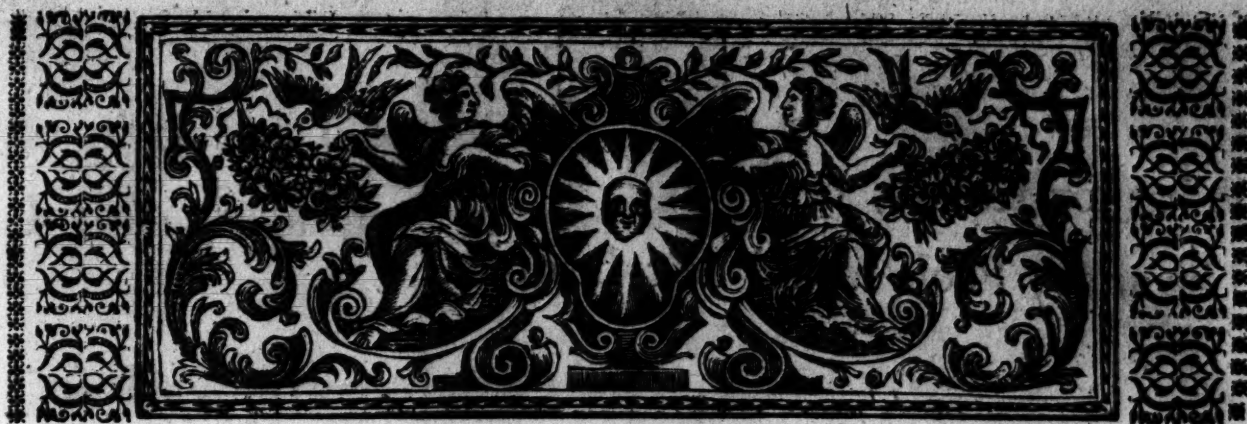
F A B L E

OF THE

D O C T R I N E



Printed and Sold by S. B. LEE, at the
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A

F A B L E, &c.



WO Dogs from diff'rent Litters come,
Grew so cross, and troublesome,
They vex'd and tir'd their very Master,
Each would be the other's Taster.

Every bit of Meat was thrown,

Rais'd their snarling squabbling Voice ;

But whene'r he dropp'd a Bone,

The House all Day would ring with Noise,

If he did but *Towzer* stroke,

Trip whin'd as if his Heart was broke ;

And whenever *Trip* was chose,

Towzer snapp'd him by the Nose.

What

What for Jealofy, or Dyet,
The angry Fools would ne'r be quiet.

The Man perplex'd with fo much Care,
Ask'd Counfel in this great Affair.
One of them, ill-natur'd Rogue,
Cries, Sir, only keep one Dog.
But, to diftinguifh, I am loath.
Then, fince you cannot keep 'em both,
In equal things Choice has no Place,
Let Chance decide this weighty Cafe:
Delay in fuch things is the worft;
Him that fawns upon you firft
Pray be kind to, as before,
And kick the other out of Door.

'Tis believed the partial Knave
To Towzer private Warning gave.

'Tis done, and now a quiet Houfe,
Scarce Noife enough to fright a Moufe.
But fee what Changes Fortune brings
On greateft fublunary Things!
When Towzer got all he defired,
Sly Trip with Country Dogs confpired,

Who

Who pitty the Complaint he makes,
And think he suffers for their Sakes.

One Day, when Master rang'd the Fields,
With happy *Towzer* at his Heels;
In vain he pretty Fav'rite calls;
Provoked *Trip* upon him falls;
He and other Hounds of Note,
Lug his Ears, and tear his Throat.
The Man himself was frightned too,
Yet sav'd his Dog with much ado,
Who rescued thus at very Brink
Of dismal Death, begins to think;
And shaking oft his bloody Ears,
With all his Favour, feels his Fears.

Nothing, I fancy, makes one more
Love Ease, than being very fore.
Good, Sir, he cries, why should not We,
I mean that *Trip* and I agree?
Of your good Meat he wants a Share,
I for my Ears and Safety care;
I feast indeed, but trembling serve;
He would forgive rather than starve.
Compound this Matter, I implore,
And I'll embrace him at the Door,

All our Quarrelling will cease,
And mutual Int'rest keep the Peace.

WHIG and TORY hate, of course;
Yet they both but fare the worse.



F I N I S